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Sitka River Business a Specialty.



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General Merchandise.
CAMPING and FISHING
OUTFITS.

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
Full Line of Boys and Gents Clothing,
Curios, Etc., Etc.
Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

For Sale—S. Capella—fine family 10-foot boat

F. W. Carlyon.

U. S. MAIL STEAMER

Clatawa

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight, will leave

WRANGELL

For Woodsky and west coast Prince
of Wales Points

Under contract with Steamer "Spray" for Copper Mountain,
and all points on the lower end of the Island.

Monday of each week at 6 A. M.

For particulars call on

CYRUS F. ORR Master

ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

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Attorney at Law.
Practice in all Courts.
JUNEAU, ALASKA.

DR. WILLIAM HUGHES,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

Office—Up Stairs in Campbell Building,
WRANGELL, ALASKA.
All calls promptly attended.

DR. S. C. SHURICK,
Physician and Surgeon.
Calls attended, Day or Night.
SHANAN, ALASKA.

DR. HARRY C. DeVIGNE
GENERAL PRACTICE.
Residence and Day or Night.
Residence and Day or Night.

Edward Ludecke,
General Repairer of
Boots and Shoes.
Work left with me will be
promptly and Satisfactorily Done.
Shop in Cagle building, next
door to Sinclair's store.
Wrangell, Alaska.

PURELY LOCAL.

Dr. Pittenger's coming. See ad.
The rains of last week brought the green-
ness amazingly.

Reverend Davidson came down on the
Jefferson, Saturday evening.

Messrs. Noble and Bryant are to build
an addition to S. S. Kincaid's house.

The report comes that the town of
Medanah has been about wiped out
by fire.

Capt. Orr is expected from below the
10th with his new boat for the Prince of
Wales trade.

The local Mrs. Choquette had cutting
for wedding took her more work than
she could do.

Harry Garity came upon the Seattle
and has entered the employ of E. W.
Carlyon as clerk.

A. Nordstrom, of Seattle, has the con-
tract for putting up a government school
building at Wrangell.

There are some places in the sidewalks
quite dangerous to pedestrians, and they
should be repaired.

C. Denny is micrologist at Rosenthal's
U. S. but his chop house is not
along, just the same.

Chas. E. Weber went to Juneau on
the City of Seattle in connection with
the Olympic mine claims.

Thanks to Margaret and Katherine
Brown for a good supply of onions and
lettuce, fresh from the garden.

Rev. Kirk came down from Juneau to
spend the 4th. He was a pleasant call-
er at the Saxton office, Monday.

On the 1st inst. the old Cassiar saloon
closed its doors for the present, at least.
It may open up again before long.

Mrs. Charles Olson and little daughter
Hilda have both been quite ill. Mrs. O.
is about and the child is improving.

The Wrangell Robt. Tannery will tan
your furs and hides promptly.
E. Weber & P. Haver.

Mrs. Worden's father, Mr. E. K. Tur-
ner is quite poorly at his home in Seat-
tle, and Mrs. W. will soon leave to visit
him.

The Clatawa boys tell us that the run
of salmon on the west coast Prince of
Wales is very light, attributed to the dry
weather.

Rev. Thomas Jenkins, of Ketchikan,
is expected at Wrangell next Sunday
and will hold services at the People's
church in the evening.

Messrs. Speltz and Lee returned Sun-
day from a two-weeks' cruise among the
advent islands, and brought in
some good specimens.

Mrs. Price returned to her home at
Ketchikan on the Seattle, Mrs. Nielsen
and Mrs. Case and daughter, Miss, also
went to Ketchikan to spend the 4th.

Messrs. Johnson, Black, Meddell and
Bell went up the Sitka on a three or
four days' hunt last week. But Mr. J.
says they found nothing to speak of.

Messrs. Lowrey and Woodbridge came
in from their Hain Island, making quar-
ters Sunday. They have been doing a
big lot of work and have more of it to do.

The Mount Royal left up the river
on her third trip last Saturday, and ex-
pects to get down today. She will make
one more trip up the river before re-
turning below.

It is said that the government has
bought the P. C. & S. B. Co's prop-
erty at Tok for a heavy station, and
that the company will move their main
business to Petersburg.

The Spokane was here last Thursday
with a big list of excursionists. Fred
Grant, a son of our ex-president, was on
the list, and while at Wrangell paid
Carlyon \$10 for a Chilkat blanket.

Harry Collins came in from Marble
Creek on the Clatawa with a pretty
severely mangled foot—but serious, how-
ever. The marble Creek people are
pushing things, six men arriving up on
the last Seattle to swell the working
force.

On the 1st inst. Mr. J. H. Wheeler,
who has been landlord of the Fort Wrangell
Hotel the past two years, turned the
building over to the St. Michael Trading
Co. Just what the intentions are
regarding the building, serious know-
ers know.

W. C. Waters and Dr. DeVigne have
lately acquired some mining properties
on Wrangell Island. They have a small
tunnel and the indications are they have
struck something pretty good. Areas
of surface rock show about 40 feet to
the top, and the deeper they get in the
better the showing of the ore.

Representative Long was a passenger
north on the Delphic, and visited F. H.
Gray while the boat was here. Judge
Thomas says he was in hopes Mr. Long
was going to prescribe for a very sore
tooth that was pinning him. But the
Hon. gentleman got up to the point of
prescribing and—walked off.

Mr. Louis Hargrave came up from
Nidder, last week and spent several
days with his family, after an absence
of several months. Last November he got
a few days' work at Nidder, and then
was forced to return home, into a good
steady job at Nidder which he has been
holding down ever since, and goes back
to continue. But he says he misses his
family and home.

Capt. John C. Johnson, of the Lincoln
Rock supply depot, and Mrs. Edith Ek-
lund were united in marriage by Rev. H.
P. Gerner, at the residence of Oscar Car-
lson, this city, Saturday, July 1st, 1905.

It seems they had made arrangements
beforehand, as the bride came all the
way from Chicago to meet the groom.
Sunday, in company with Capt. Johnson,
they left for Lincoln Rock, leaving
with them the well wishes of many
friends.

Last week the condition of Mr. J. E.
Hamilton changed for the worse, and it
was thought best to take him below to a
specialist on stomach ailments. Accord-
ingly he and Mrs. Hamilton left on the
Humboldt for Portland, Oregon, where,
it is hoped he may secure treatment that
will restore him to robust health.

Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and
Shoes, Dry Goods, Oiled Clothing

Gum Boots, Groceries,

HARDWARE, ETC.,

All at the Lowest Prices.

All Fresh Fruits in Season.

Headquarters For Camping, Fishing, Prospecting
and Mining Outfits.

THE CITY STORE,

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor.

Wrangell, Alaska.



AGENTS FOR

Hercules

Powder.

AGENTS FOR

UNION

Gas Engine.

St. Michael

Trading Co.

Wrangell, Alaska.

Alaska's Magazine.

Alaska's Magazine is a new and
interesting publication. It is
published every month, and
contains a wealth of information
about Alaska. It is a must-
read for all who are interested
in the state. The magazine
contains articles on the history,
geography, and resources of
Alaska. It also contains
pictures and illustrations of
the state. The magazine is
published by the Alaska
Magazine Company, and is
available for sale at all
bookstores and newsstands.
The price of the magazine is
\$1.00 per year, and is
worth every cent. It is a
great source of information
about Alaska, and is a must-
read for all who are
interested in the state.

PROGRAM OF SERVICES

Peoples' Church for the Month of July.

Sunday, July 2—Subject, "The Characters of Hamilton and Jefferson."
" " 9—Subject, "The Characters of Hamilton and Jefferson."
" " 16—Subject, "The Characters of Hamilton and Jefferson."
" " 23—Subject, "The Characters of Hamilton and Jefferson."
Interpreted by Rev. Mr. Jenkins, July 2, 9, 16, 23.
Sunday School 2:30; Christian Endeavor 7:30; Evening Service 7:30.

You are Earnestly Invited to Attend.

H. P. GORNER, Minister.

Cut Rate Dentistry!

DR. J. J. PITTENGER

Will be in Wrangell July 7th to 17th. All dental
work at ONE-HALF Prices.

PRICES:

22-K. Gold Crowns, heavily reinforced—guaranteed
to wear a lifetime, warranted better than any other
bridge-work, Gold or Porcelain—each with
more than 10 teeth.
Porcelain Crowns.
Silver Fillings.
Gold.
Treatment, each.
Plate-work, one-half price.

PAINLESS EXTRACTION.

Remember the work is the VERY BEST—the Price, only
is cheap.

At the
JOB PRINTING Sentinel Office

Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Etc., a specialty.

These Indian school buildings are to
be erected at Wrangell this year. Mr.
Joseph Meyer, of Everett, Wash., has
secured the contract, the price being \$5-
000, which insures very creditable build-
ings. The point at which they are to be
erected is on the Presbyterian reserva-
tion, east of the church building, which
is high, dry and slightly, and will add
materially to the look of that part of
town. The lumber, etc., to be used in
their construction will be purchased at
this place, and workmen will be hired
here, which means considerable finan-
cial aid to the place.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL, ALASKA.

The Marshall College freshman who shot a hazer was none too fresh.

The newspapers have to use the expression so often that they have abbreviated it to "nick quick."

For a few years more, anyhow, the Niagara River will take its fall out of the tourists in the same old way.

Hereafter wife desertion in New York is to be considered a felony. In the past it was mainly a pastime.

"Mr. Rockefeller is just as nice a man as I am," says Henry H. Rogers. There, Tom Lawson, deny that if you can.

An eastern paper says "Oslerism is now engaging the English wits." English wits! What or who are English wits?

It is only fair to state that Miss Susan B. Anthony's unusual views on divorce are based on observation and hearsay.

"Many innocent men are hanged," says Judge Freeman, of Chicago. Possibly. But the number is not nearly so large as that of the guilty men who escape.

The army general staff has decided to retain the bayonet as part of the armament of an American soldier. May the time be long before he is called upon to use it.

By the terms of an Imperial edict coming from Peking no more convict Chinamen are to be sold to death. By inference the powers are asked to regard China as a Chinaman.

A New Jersey minister says that few men attend church because the feminine element is too predominant in fixing the character of the services. The feminine element is just what attracts some men.

Every get-rich-quick concern that comes and goes, leaving a trail of financial desolation in its wake, only confirms the wisdom of Barnum's observation that a large number of people are never satisfied unless they are being humbugged.

The papers cannot be too grateful to the valued Milwaukee Sentinel for warning them in advance that it would be unfair to liken young Mr. Hyde to Harry Lehr. Some of them might have been careless enough to let the idea occur to them.

Professor John Franklin Jameson of the University of Chicago has discovered that the Fourth of July comes on Aug. 18, that being the day when the declaration of independence was adopted. This is rather confusing, but our celebrations for the last 129 years have probably been at least as near to an anniversary as Christmas or Easter and were just as much enjoyed as if they had been held on Aug. 18.

The science of meteorology has not yet taught man what a day may bring forth in the way of weather. Farming operations are clouded with uncertainty from seed time to harvest, and from the nature of the case the most enlightened and conservative tiller of the soil is compelled to gamble in "futures" much as does the speculator in the wheat pit. Unfortunately, too, his stake is often his all. Delayed or premature frost, too much or too little rain, to say nothing of the visitations of creeping or flying destroyers, always threaten him with loss or ruin and keep him forever guessing. He must bet his crops on the presence or absence of favorable conditions, an inexorable fact that in the course of ages may have had something to do with the ingrained gambling habit which betrays mankind everywhere.

There is no sound reason why the preachers should be better men than lawyers or financiers. The real obligations of all men are equal. But the preachers are in trying positions, because they assume to represent a high standard of morality. They profess religion. Lawyers and financiers can say they do not pretend to be better than other men. To a certain extent they plead guilty. They claim the merit of not being hypocritical. The world is quite in agreement that the hypocrite is detestable. The charge of insincerity and hypocrisy goes to the weak nerve of the preacher and his misfortune is that the world is still so skeptical as to the rule of goodness that under the charge he is placed at once under suspicion. Relatively he is somewhat in the situation of the rich man who is charged with questionable methods in his business of accumulation.

Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," holds a high place among the saints of the nursery calendar, but in a review in the Forum of Defoe's voluminous works Prof. W. P. Trent is pained to confess that Defoe was a great liar, a spy, an intriguer, to tortuous secret service man, a government informer, and a bad lot generally. Yet Prof. Trent, besides vindicating Defoe's genius as the first great realist, has some charitable and extenuating things to say of "the greatest liar that ever lived." Now, to be the greatest liar that ever lived is a distinction not to be sneezed at. Lying is a field well filled. The competition is intense. It requires rare abilities to be a really

great liar; only one thing requires greater, and that is to tell the exact truth. An illustrious list might be made up of great liars, and at its head, perhaps, should be placed the world's historians. Defoe may have been a very bad man, but "Robinson Crusoe" is very good. When we have the pearl shall we complain that it comes from a diseased oyster? His tale has opened many a youthful mind to the sunlight of life. It has taught many a mature mind the great truth that the real essentials of comfortable living are few, and not the least of these is human companionship. There is no way of estimating the good that is done in the world by a good book. It may be a lie—so is "Pilgrim's Progress"—but it is nevertheless true to the real principles of right living and right longing than our own lives are. Defoe was a creature of his own times, but his work is immortal. His vices were those of his environment; his genius was his own.

It sometimes strikes one that our civilization is a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde affair. There are so many contradictions in it. It is at once materialistic and altruistic. It is sordid and saintly. It makes paupers and cries over them. It is an age of loot and law. It is an age of boudoir and beatific virtues. It steals from the widow and orphan and gives the proceeds to libraries and universities. It is an age of frenzied finance and of hospitals and homes for the aged and children. And all the while the search for moral rottenness goes on. It is an age of publicity and of challenge and of protest. It is an age of aspiration for public and private virtue and of the ceaseless discussion of ethics. Never before have public crimes been so gibbeted. Never before have the ills of society been so hung up to the public gaze. Lawson is telling about frenzied finance and Russell of the beef trust and Lincoln Steffens of the shamelessness of cities and Ray Stannard Baker of the rule of corporations. Every magazine has its corps of scavengers digging at the filth. And the newspapers seek most of all for the headline that tells of graft. The victims of our civilization are ever before our eyes. And we go on making more victims. How can these things be? Is this money-grabbing society of ours the society that builds blind asylums and homes of refuge? How can the two dispositions go together? Easily enough. Everyone has in him divergent impulses, and society is but an aggregation of individuals. The question is, will the better or the evil desire prove the stronger? Can we doubt which? If the desire for self-purification is not greater than the propensity to have and to hold, our condition is sorry indeed. It is the old, old struggle—with this difference: The day of flourishing evil and wrong is also the day of publicity and protest—the day of desire for better things.

JAPAN'S NEW ISLAND.

It Has Risen from the Sea with Much Smoke and Noise.

Extraordinary details of the birth of a new island have just reached Tokyo, says the London Daily Telegraph.

On November 14 the inhabitants of Iwo Island, near Bonin Island, in South Japan, were startled to hear a great rumbling. A fortnight later vast clouds of mingled black and white smoke rose out of the sea three nautical miles to the south of Iwo Island. The smoke clouds increased in volume, presenting a wonderful sight, as though the sea were on fire.

On December 5 a little island appeared amid the smoke clouds, and three days later it seemed as if there were three islands. The smoke now varied in color, sometimes being of a vivid red.

By December 12 one large island was to be seen gradually rising. In conformation it was a hill toward the east and a sloping plain to the west, and on the 14th the shape of the island was that of a long slope, emitting white smoke and resembling moist land when steaming under the influence of a fierce sun.

The slope on January 2 underwent a change gradually from the center and became higher on the west side. Vast volumes of white smoke poured out in the morning and then in the afternoon an enormous quantity of black smoke was emitted.

The residents of Iwo Island set out in a long boat and a canoe to inspect the phenomena and after the canoe had once been capsized in the heavy waves they landed on the new island. They found it to be nearly two and three-quarter miles in circumference and about 480 feet above the surface of the water. There was a boiling lake to the north. The south coast was a precipitous mass of rock, covered with a thick layer of earth.

On the highest point of the island a pole was raised with the Japanese flag and an inscription: "New place. Great Japan. Many bauxins."

The discovery has been reported to the governor of Bonin Island, who has named it Nishinami.

The Champion Vine.

The largest grape vine in the world is growing in the Carpinteria Valley, twelve miles east of Santa Barbara, Cal., and is called La Para Grande. It was started from a cutting sixty-one years ago by a young Spanish woman, Dona Ayala. It is 8 feet 4 inches in circumference at its base, and one of the horizontal branches measures more than 3 feet in circumference. The trellis covers about a third of an acre, and sixty heavy posts support it. The vine produces as many as 5,000 bunches annually.

MISSOURI'S NEW SENATOR.

Maj. William Warner Began His Career as an Ore Boy in a Mine.

At six years of age an ore picker on the dump of a mine; at 65 a member of the United States Senate. This in brief is the life story of Maj. William Warner, the Republican Senator from Missouri.

More than 30 years ago in a little room in Kansas City in which "Square" Henry White, a justice of the peace, held court, a young lawyer named Warner made a remarkable plea for justice for his client, who was on trial there. Moved to prophecy by the eloquence and logic of the speaker, J. V. C. Karnes, another young lawyer, remarked:

"If Warner lives long enough he will be in the United States Senate."

Mr. Karnes has lived to see his prediction fulfilled, for the young lawyer with the eloquent tongue was Maj. William Warner, who has been elected by the Missouri legislature to succeed to the seat so long filled by Francis M. Cockrell.

Maj. William Warner had his full quota of those American aids to political preferment—lowly birth and poverty. He was the youngest of six children, and his father worked in the lead mines of southern Wisconsin. Five years after William was born in Lafayette county, Wisconsin, his father died. A year later his mother died, and the boy faced the stern necessity of earning his own bread.

He had been to the mines with his father, and he turned to them for a means of gaining a livelihood. Too small to do other work, he began picking up bits of ore from the refuse heaps piled about the mouth of the



MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER.

shaft, and the thoroughness with which he did this attracted the attention of a mine foreman. The foreman offered the boy the position of driving the skinny old horse that worked the mine pump. William eagerly accepted, and for three years he furnished the incentive that kept the horse faithful to his task.

At the end of three years William got a promotion. He was permitted to drive the horse that hoisted the ore bucket from the mine. This horse, being a livelier and more intelligent animal than the other, did not require so much urging, and the boy had time for meditation.

In some way the knowledge crept into his active brain that an education was a good thing. At that time he did not know so much as the alphabet, but the thought took root and flourished, and one night after the day's work was over he went to the village store and asked for a book.

The clerk sold him a primer and gave him his first lesson in the alphabet. William was fascinated with the new world that the ability to read opened to him. He studied every night.

When he was ten years old he was offered a place in a grocery store. The position paid him more wages and gave him more time to study, and he took it. For four years he worked and studied and saved and accumulated enough money to pay board and tuition for a year at a college in Lawrence, Wis.

Following his year in the university there were years of teaching school, saving and studying law, and at 19 he took the examination and was admitted to the University of Michigan.

He was 20 years old and still a student at Ann Arbor when the first shots of the Civil War were fired, and he and others of about his own age formed a company and offered themselves for enlistment. The recruiting officers told them to go back to school. Most of them did so. William Warner went home and began teaching again.

But one day in 1862, while a class was in the middle of a recitation, he decided to go to war. "Go home," he said to the pupils. "There will be no more school until you get a new teacher."

He went to Shullsburg, Wis., organized a company and was unanimously elected its lieutenant. The Thirty-third Wisconsin Infantry was formed. Lieutenant Warner's company was assigned to it, and he was elected adjutant.

In the army he was engaged in active service constantly. He was with Grant before Vicksburg. For his gallant services in the fighting that preceded the surrender of General Pemberton he was appointed assistant adjutant general in the staff of T. Kirby Smith, and served in that capacity in the Red River campaign. After that he saw constant service in Arkansas and Missouri. He was farsighted enough to see the future possibilities of Missouri.

A month after he was mustered out, as a major, at Madison, Wis., at the close of the war, he was on his way back to Missouri with all his scant belongings.

A few months after he arrived in Kansas City he formed a law partner-

ship with C. O. Tichenor that endured until 1884.

In 1867 he was elected City Attorney. The following year he was chosen prosecuting attorney of the county, not an enviable position at that time when the animosities of the war still ranked. In 1871 he was elected Mayor. In 1884 he was elected to Congress and was re-elected, finally retiring from the national lawmaking body in 1892. The same year he was nominated by the Republicans for Governor, but was defeated.

In personal appearance Major Warner is a solidly built, broad-shouldered man of medium height, with a firm face, kindly gray eyes that gleam with fire, a carriage that suggests the old military life, and a face smooth, except for a heavy iron-gray moustache. His hair is thick and shaggy as a lion's mane.

At the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, Major Warner was captain of a company in a Wisconsin regiment. He stood between the lines of the opposing forces and read the Declaration of Independence as the soldiers marched. He was cheered by both Federals and Confederates.

MANY WRITE TO OSLER.

Baltimore Doctor Made Unhappy by Letters He Receives.

If the people do not stop writing letters to Prof. Osler he will have no chance to do anything in all his waking hours but cut open envelopes and glance over the written stuff within, says a Baltimore special to the New York Press. Letters by the hundreds and by the thousands have been pouring in on the unhappy man since he vaulted into fame by declaring man was no good after he was 40, and ought to be chloroformed at 60.

Some persons write to him in all seriousness. Some have fun with him. He destroys most of his letters, but a few have come to light through acquaintances who read them. Here is one:

"Dear Dr. Osler: I am 27 years of age. I was married a year ago to a gentleman of means, who has a large and prosperous manufacturing business. My husband is just 60 years old to-day."

"I read your speech recently published in the newspapers. I hail your views as opening a new era in our social life and I am a firm believer in and an admirer of your ideas."

"Kindly accept an invitation to dine with us at our earliest convenience. I will introduce you to my husband and my husband's business manager, a very interesting young man, whom I am sure you will like."

"Hoping you will bring your chloroform along and treat us to a demonstration of your theory, I remain yours respectfully,"

"MRS. YOUNGWIFE."

Another read as follows: "Respected Dr. Osler: In these days, when the power of wealth is throttling our time-honored institutions and debauching even the fundamental principles of our civil government, we may well acclaim the change in our polity which would obtain if your theory were put into practice by law. I am a lawyer and am frequently in touch with incidents which prove to me that wealth can obtain for certain men even the highest positions in our government, where others, who should receive these positions on merit and ability, fail."

"Hoping the theory you advocate may soon become law, so that the young men may have a chance, I am sincerely yours,"

"FRANK BLACKSTONE."

Another read: "My Dear Dr. Osler: I have been married eighteen years. Before marriage I was a happy, light-hearted, care-free youth. Now I am almost a physical and mental wreck from the troubles of married life. Yet my wife is not a really bad-dispositioned woman."

"I long ago concluded that the condition of our social fabric was not as it should be. Something was wrong. Having read your theory, I have renewed hope."

"I like to honor genius in my humble way. On March 31 we are to have a social function at our home—a little dinner to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the birthday of my wife's mother. Will you do us the honor to attend? Don't forget your little bottle. Respectfully yours,"

"JOHN DUNN GOODE."

A Diabolical Plot.

It was in Kansas. The first full-bearded legislator beckoned to his mate.

"Isn't there nothing more we can do to Jawn?"

"Nothing that I can think up now, or I wouldn't be in favor of adjourning."

"I've got an idea."

"What is it?"

"Why, when we get that new refinery built to work the convicts in?"

"Yes!"

"Then we'll have Jawn convicted for criminal operations and put him in the penitentiary—"

"Yes!"

"And then we'll put Jawn to work in our refinery in opposition to himself—"

"But his mate had fainted for very joy at the prospect."—Baltimore American.

A Hard Job.

Teacher—What great difficulty was Demosthenes compelled to surmount before he became an orator?

Soffmore—He had to learn how to talk Greek.—Philadelphia Press.

The small boy who plays marbles for keeps may be giving away public libraries in after years.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GREAT FUTURE OF THE WEST.

By Secretary Paul Morton.

The West is at its beginning! People talk of the richness of the valley of the Nile. It is nothing compared to the valley of the Mississippi. That is the greatest and richest valley on earth. It extends from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, and its resources are billions. The corn crop raised there brings in almost a billion dollars a year. A large part of our cotton comes from there, and it is a beehive of mining and manufacturing industry. We are adding enormously to the West by the new irrigation works now going on.

Take California. It is half again as big as Italy, and it will raise the same products and feed as many people. Nevertheless it has now only a million and a half population, while Italy has thirty-two millions. The irrigation works of California will bring in a vast area of new land. This is so in many other States. And then take Texas. That State could feed this whole country and raise enough cotton to clothe our people for all time to come.

The West has hardly begun to be. At present 90 per cent of our people live east of the Missouri River. We can support fully as many west of that river.

WHY WOMEN SHUN HOUSEWORK.

By Rev. Minot J. Savage.

The problem of housekeeping, they tell me, is growing worse and worse, and yet if you were to read the correspondence written 300 or 400 years ago on this subject you would think you were listening to a conversation at an afternoon tea of yesterday. The same old trouble existed 500 years ago, the same trouble springing out of the same condition.

I do not wonder that girls do not like to work in the kitchen. I can understand perfectly why they should prefer a clerkship, even on starvation wages, where they can be mistresses of their own evenings, go and come as they please, and have what company they please. Let a mistress sit down and think with herself. Would she like to go into the kitchen of the average family, have possibly one evening a week grudgingly conceded, possibly one afternoon out, no time for reading, no opportunity for music, no chances for free companions, but to be at the beck and call of tyranny, of whim, of thoughtlessness, of lack of consideration all the time?

If the mistress and the maid could exchange places for a while, long enough to understand each other, get into sympathy with each other, perhaps these evils would cure themselves.

IF YOU FAIL IN BUSINESS.

By A. S. Monroe.

In many cases a man finds himself in a business or profession for which he has no aptitude before he has had experience enough to determine what line he would like to pursue; and then he hesitates to make a change, fearing the charge of failure; but experience proves that those who have recognized their mistake and have taken steps to remedy it have in many cases succeeded beyond all expectations.

A minister who had never had a prosperous pastorate, became interested in helping a country editor get up his paper. He took a real pleasure in the work and found that this was his right niche; past 40, he changed occupations—became prosperous, influential, and is to-day accounted one of the most successful of men.

P. T. Barnum was a country storekeeper limited to the usual storekeeper's small profit. He had a restless dispo-

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

The clouds came up on a summer day, And covered the clear blue sky; They hid the face of the sun away, While the sudden storm swept by; And the stricken flowers when the fierce wind blew

Bent low to the tempest's power; But they smiled in spite of their tears of dew In the sunlight after the shower.

The clouds came up when my life was in sight, And covered the sun away, And my heart grew chill in the sudden night.

And longed for the vanished day; But the clouds passed by with the summer rain, And then, like the storm-tossed flower, My heart looked up and was glad again In the sunlight after the shower. —New Orleans Picayune.

BREAKING HER ENGAGEMENT

DEAR MR. SMITH: You see even from the first words of my letter you will gather what it is I have to say. I can no longer call you George. In fact, I never ought to have called you George at all. I was young and rash and had not taken everything into account. However, it is better that the mistake should be rectified now than when it is too late. That is what papa said last night.

Yes, George, I told papa last night all about what was then our engagement. He says that it can never, never be; or, at any rate, we had better take time to think about it. He had no prejudice against you personally; in many ways he admires you, as, of course, anybody would do who had the privilege of knowing you. I should say that he really was deeply attached to you, but it was certainly his idea that we had better not be engaged at present. He says that your income is not sufficient. I am not a strong woman and I have never been used to roughing it. Suppose I fell ill. Think of the misery of it; you would never be able to endure an invalid wife. I know I seem to be in health and that I have generally a good appetite and so on, but these things are very deceptive. Under any strain, as, for instance, if I had to do any kind of work, I feel sure that I should collapse utterly. So under the circumstances, however hard it may be, I

feel it my duty to write and to break off our engagement.

What I am going to say now has nothing to do with the above, but as I happened to be writing I thought I had better mention it. Do you remember saying that Miss Adelaide Jones was the most perfect and complete cut you ever met? You were quite wrong. I feel that I ought to mention this in order that you may do her more justice in the future. I saw her this morning and I have told her everything, and anything more considerate and angelic it would be impossible to conceive. She said that she had heard of the engagement and knew from the first that it could never come to anything. Then she told me the reason why.

Of course, George, you are not answerable to me in any way now, and it is really no concern of mine, but I think you might have told me what passed between you and Miss Brown. If I had known how far things had gone between you I should never for one moment have permitted what I did.

At the same time you must not think that I am blaming you. Of course she is not beautiful, very far from it; and I am not going to pretend that her manners are in any way pleasing. Her laugh is far too loud, and her teeth are perfectly awful. Still everybody admits that she is extremely good to her mother, and I am quite glad and rejoiced to think that this was an attraction in your eyes. So many men can only take a superficial view. You yourself, when you have been talking to me, have said lots of things about my hair and my eyes, but you have never said one word about my intellectual qualities. Yet I should really have valued that much more, because I can get any amount of men to talk about my hair and my eyes. Those are not the things that really matter.

I really honor you for having noticed Miss Smith's devotion to her mother and for having fallen in love with her in consequence. I know many men who could not have done it. Only I do think that in justice to me you might have mentioned it, and in justice to her to suppose that there was even a tacit engagement between you. Of course she did suppose it; Miss Adelaide Jones told me so distinctly, and she told me all about that week at Henley, too; in fact, she has shown herself a true friend in this trying time. I feel sure now that you will be sorry you ever called her a cat,

sition and loved travel, change and excitement. He gave up the safe business of storekeeping and became manager of a small museum in connection with a traveling show. He eventually made a fortune in the show business and at 50 lost every cent of it, but after this he created a second fortune.

James Harper was one of the best printers and pressmen in New York. This would have satisfied many a man, but he desired to become a publisher. He saved a few hundred dollars and started the publishing house now known as Harper & Bros. He succeeded from the outset.

Think what the world would have lost had the artist Turner followed the advice given him to become a barber. Who would ever have heard of Daniel Defoe had he remained a merchant and factory manager instead of turning to literature and producing "Robinson Crusoe?"

IT PAYS TO LOOK WELL.

By Robert Muder.

So great a stress does one of the large stores lay upon the details of toilet that it prints a little booklet, which it distributes to all employees, that has useful hints as to the care of hair and nails, the wearing of tasteful and fitting dress, and with many little hints as to the proper day costume of both men and women.

It is not only inside stores and offices, or with the better grade of employees now, however, that careful dress is insisted upon. A large Eastern house has recently put its boys who carry parcels from the wagon to the door in a complete and stylish uniform, matching that of the drivers upon the wagon, and which is kept in as neat and even more perfect condition.

One peculiar outcome of this increased cultivation of good appearance has become evident. In some vocations, even when uniform is not actually worn, men employed in various ways to wait upon the public are urged to dress becomingly, and all more or less after the same pattern. With women in the great shops this is not only obligatory, but for the better uniformity the changes from winter to summer wear are requested to be made upon a certain date. As, for instance, the change from black waists to white is made on the 15th of April, and back again on the 15th of October. This has resulted in such good taste being followed that these employees have a prestige among their own class both outside as well as in the store. There is a satisfaction in claiming acquaintance with people who have this apparently superior look, which is not lost upon friends or relatives of the opposite sex, whether men or women. They come to these shops to buy all they can, and, according to the superintendent of one of them, this rule helps greatly to increase the marriage rate.

THE DISCONTENT IN RUSSIA.

By Mme. Breshkovsky.

No one knows what has taken place in Russia in the last quarter of a century. Despite oppression, the people have been quietly educated about their rights until one fine day the American people are astonished to wake up and find that all classes in Russia have risen in protest against their conditions. To those who have kept track of the movement, however, this is no revelation; they knew that the people were ready. This movement is spreading to every city and village in Russia. We are on the eve of a revolution. The Russian people do not want to persecute any one. It is the Russian government which persecutes, and it is useless for the Czar to refuse the requests of his people. Such action on his part shows nearsightedness, and this is a critical moment, for now the people are making themselves heard at the gates of the winter palace.

and that you will never do it again. This had nothing whatever to do with my reasons for breaking off our engagement, and I hope you will not be small-minded enough to think that it has. I am fairly humble and am quite willing to admit that Edith Brown has very much the advantage of me in age and experience, but I am afraid I cannot regard her as a rival; she is merely one of the people that one takes no notice of.

I should like you to say what you wish me to do about your letters and presents. My instinct, of course, is to return them. I was crying over them all last night and thinking that I should much prefer to return them. It seems almost a pity now that you had the ring altered so as to fit me, but I dare say a good jeweler could put an inch or so on it and then it will fit Edith Brown just as well. She has nice plump little hands, hasn't she? I ask you to tell me what to do because I have only my instinct to guide me and do not know what is the etiquette on these occasions. You see I have never been fitted and thrown over like this before. However, I am not entitled to reproach you. I never took the thing very seriously myself, and I have no doubt that I shall soon forget all about it.

So you see, George dearest, that I must submit to papa's superior wisdom, and that we must definitely say good-by. Perhaps many years after this we may meet again when you have married Edith, and I only hope that we shall meet as friends. Faithfully yours,

JANE ROBINSON.

P. S.—Have just received invitation from the Browns to their daughter's wedding reception. She is a dear little mouse of a thing, and I think she might have done better than a Dissenting minister, but mamma says that it is a very old engagement. I do not know if there was anything in my letter to imply that we should break off our engagement, but I never intended anything of the kind. Mamma is quite in your favor and I can always make papa do just what I like. P. S. 2.—Mamma says that Adelaide Jones is a cat, too.

P. S. 3.—Forgive me. I am awfully sorry. But how was I to know?—Barry Pain, in the Tatler.

The Sword Swallower.

"So Nuritch took you to lunch at the Stratview-Belford, eh? I suppose he expected to cut quite a dash." "Well, everybody who saw him eating expected every minute to see him cut quite a dash."—Philadelphia Press.

ALASKA SENTINEL

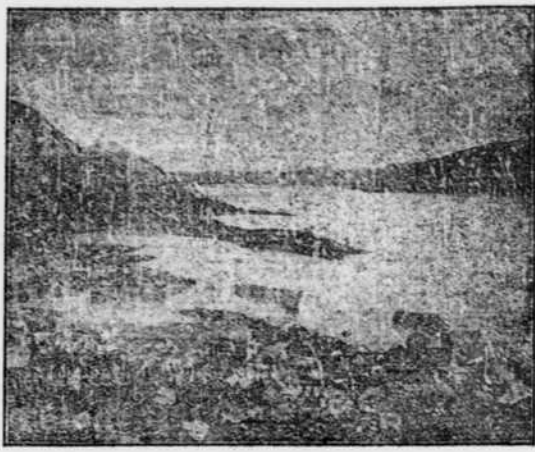
THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905.

Although Wrangell did not make as much noise as some others, her eagle screamed just as loud on the Fourth.

When the representatives of the thirteen colonies signed the Declaration of Independence and proclaimed Liberty and Freedom, on the 4th of July 1776—129 years ago last Tuesday—little did they dream of the great beginning they were making, and what was to follow. It took patriotism, to look love of country, it took pluck and true manly courage to perform that act. It meant the separation of many ties that were near and dear to most of them; it meant a cruel war with a mother country, that through greed had become a tyrannical oppressor of a healthy child; if failure of victory, it meant certain death. All these things were considered by the old patriots as they put their names to that Great Instrument that has been handed down each year and has been given to the people of every section of this broad land on each successive 4th of July for more than a century and a quarter as a sacred heritage. And we believe it will always be safely guarded. The rising generation are as full of genuine patriotic enthusiasm as those who have gone before; and though generation after generation may pass away, the spirit of the founders of this republic will predominate over every obstacle that would contaminate our free institutions and the good ship of state will continue to ride unmolested the sea of liberty, patriotism and progression.

An idler is one of the most miserable creatures on the face of God's footstool. Idleness breeds discontent; discontent breeds about all the cussedness there is in man and brings to the surface all the animal nature there is in him, often placing him far below the level of the lowest beasts. This fact was proven in our midst last week. A big, stout, healthy man came to Wrangell about a year ago, and a greater portion of the time since has acted as if the community owed him a living. Without any means he managed to exist; but this idle life bred dissipation that culminated in one of the most revolting crimes on the calendar—so much so that it was difficult for this order loving community to refrain from violence to the wretch who will serve years in the penitentiary to expiate his dastardly crime, brought about by what?—by IDLENESS. Young man, don't be a loafer; get something to do and do it;—if nothing else, go down on the beach and set up a pile of rocks, knock them down and then pile them up again; but for God sake do something to show that you not only exist but are a part of this, that is intended to be a busy, bustling world for all.

Southeastern Alaska should have a good exhibit at the Portland exposition. The products of Wrangell, alone, are a wonder, and would open the eyes of the world to behold. But in the matter of a creditable exhibit, Alaska is greatly handicapped. Our commissioner, Gov. Brady, appears to be in bad repute just now with the authorities at Washington. An agent has been sent out to investigate the governor and Jackson, another missionary and member of the Alaska-New York Tammany, and Mr. Brady has been ordered to stay on his farm at Sitka until interviewed. As the agent goes to the westward before arriving at Sitka, it will be well toward fall before he gets there. In the meantime who is looking after Alaska's interests at Portland? There will be no one to talk up the great agricultural possibilities of this district, for which we may be thankful; but we would like to know that our mines, our timber, our marble deposits, our fishing industries, our coal beds, our oil fields, our water powers, beautiful scenery and delightful climate were given that publicity they so justly deserve.



WRANGELL, ALASKA.

750 miles from Seattle. Population, 800. Delightful climate both winter and summer. 30,000 per day saw mill; electric lights; 11 stores; fine schools; good churches. The town of Wrangell is situated on the mouth of the Stikine River. Boats leave here for Telegraph Creek, also for West Coast Prince of Wales points.

According to a letter from its Washington correspondent to the P-I, under date of June 25, it would seem that our "honest" old governor is getting into water so deep that he will have to tread like a good fellow to keep his head long above the surface. Here is the trouble: "The mining concern has issued a new prospectus, especially addressed to its stockholders, and intended to be regarded as semi-confidential, in which it is declared that the governor has withdrawn only 'TEMPORARILY' from the board of directors." The new prospectus says "Since the inception of our enterprise we have had the benefit of the advice of Hon. John G. Brady. His thorough and intimate knowledge of Alaska and its requirements gained during twenty-six years' residence, was an invaluable guide in the organization of the company and all subsequent plans. I cannot speak too highly of the immense advantage derived in having associated with us a man who knows more about Alaska and has done and has done more toward its commercial advancement than any other man in or out of the territory." And the prospectus "is a fascinating document, for it promises dividends of 100 per cent. for the company's stockholders every year." Still further it says "His political enemies have recently attempted to impugn improper motives to his connection with our company, and, in order to circumvent all political machinations, it was deemed advisable that Mr. Brady withdraw from the directorate, temporarily, during the remainder of his term as governor of Alaska. Thereafter he will give his entire time and attention to the interests of our company." These declaration of defiance naturally raise the ire of secretary Hitchcock and the President, and it is merely a question of a few weeks when Gov. Brady will be asked to take a walk. And be it known that it is not because of "political enemies," but because the people and the administration are determined that Alaska, in common with other parts of the country, shall have honest officials.

Whenever you get a chance, just mention the Dry Straits.



J. F. Connelly. J. M. Lane
Lane & Connelly,
Manufacturers of...
Fine Cigars.
204 and 206 Market St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

What Wrangell need worse than anything else, is a system of water works. She needs it for fire protection; she needs it for sanitary purposes and for domestic use. Of course the town is not financially able to put them in; but by keeping our eyes open, some capital might be discovered that is seeking good, lucrative investment. The man who gives this town a good system of water works, will, we believe, do well from the start.

*According to what agent Love says, he purposes to collect for the government 15c. per thousand for all the timber that has been cut by loggers the past two seasons, and that in the face of the fact that perhaps one-half of those who cut the logs have left the country. It is about as nonsensical as collecting this stumpage at all, even though there may be a law requiring it. Congress ought to take a tumble to itself on a few propositions.

Wrangell can have a paper pulp mill, if she'll keep hammering away. Let's all hammer.

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Devoted entirely to Alaska and its Wonderful Resources. The June number is now in the press, and will soon be ready for distribution.

Just the thing to Send East.

Be sure and order it from your Local News Dealer.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Washington, D. C., April 13, 1905. Sealed Proposals for the construction of schoolhouses at Killisnoo, Wrangell, and Jackson, Southeastern Alaska, for teachers' residences at Killisnoo, Prince of Wales Island, and Sitka, Alaska, and for schoolhouses with teachers' residences attached, at Deerling, on the Arctic Coast, and Haines and Kake, in Southeastern Alaska, will be received at the Department until 2 o'clock P. M., Saturday, June 10, 1905, and will be opened immediately thereafter, in the presence of such bidders as may desire to attend. Blank forms of proposal, embracing specifications, may be obtained on application to the Department, or to the Commissioner of Education, where drawings and specifications may also be seen and obtained from Prof. William A. Kelly, at Sitka, Alaska; at Juneau and Douglas from Livingston P. Jones, of Juneau; and from the respective U. S. Commissioners at Ketchikan, Wrangell, Skagway, Seward, and Valdez, Alaska. May 26. E. A. HITCHCOCK, Secretary.

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